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THE
FAIR WANDERER:
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ETHELINDA,
NIECE to the late Cardinal B—.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HOR.

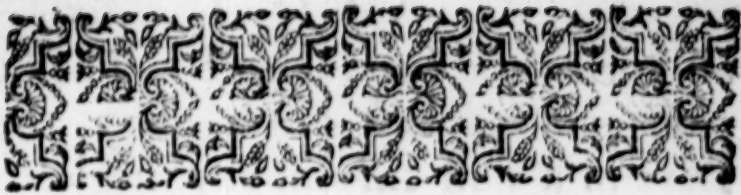
—L'homme, sans arrêt dans sa course insensée,
Voltige incessamment de pensée en pensée:
Son cœur toujours flottant entre mille embarras,
Ne sait ni ce qu'il veut, ni ce qu'il ne veut pas.
Ce qu'un jour il abhorre, en l'autre il le souhaite.

BOILEAU Satire 8.



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T H E
FAIR WANDERER.

 H O' Nature works by various Modes in different Tempers, yet the End, at which they endeavour to arrive, seems to be the same, and HAPPINESS the Goal. Therefore, however diversified or meandering may be the Paths, yet they all bend to Felicity, as naturally as the Needle to the Pole, and concenter in one Point. This, therefore, is the *Summum Bonum* of Mankind in general ; and though some delight in a Life of Indolence and Inactivity, others in Hurry and Noise, and a third in Libertinism and Pleasure ; yet though their Ways appear thus widely to deviate, their Aims are collateral, and
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all pursue the same Object. The Supine and Indolent droan away their Days in a dull Insensibility, neglectful and ignorant of Mankind in general, and the different Events of *Good* or *Evil*; and, at the End of their Days, find themselves no wiser nor happier than when they enter'd Life. The noisy busy Bustler is continually planning new Schemes, harrassing his Mind with different Projects, which are equally idle and impracticable, and finds he has, amidst his Turmoils, Fatigues, and Hazard, only inlisted the gnawing Harpies, Disquietude, Disgust and Anger, as his constant Attendants. The giddy Libertine ransacks Nature to supply his wanton whimsical Fancy, his Deity is Variety, and Pleasure his Delight; he finds that the Attainment of one Pleasure, only creates new Desires and more unmasterly Passions; his immoderate Wishes cloy in Fruition, and what he longs for this Hour, is tasteless, insipid, and even noisome the next: He tortures his Imagination to

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find

find some Pleasure yet unenjoyed, and which, perhaps, when attained, yields him no more Satisfaction, no more real Delight than his former weak Acquisition ; and, as he finds *no new Thing under the Sun*, Experience makes him conclude, that *All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*. He then wisely confesses, that Virtue is the only Happiness on Earth, and that there is no Pleasure, no Delight, no Satisfaction or Joy, like INNOCENCE.

ETHELINDA was born in the Year — in the City of *Paris* ; but her Parents dying before she was three Years old, her Uncle, the only surviving Relation she had, took her, with the paternal Estate her Father left her, being near Fifty Thousand Livers *per Annum*, into his Protection and Care. Happily for her, this Gentleman was then in high Esteem both with the *French King* and the *Pope*, betwixt whom he had been frequently entrusted with many secret Commissions, the

which he had performed to their mutual Satisfaction ; and became in such Favour, that he was possessed of some of the richest Benefices in the Kingdom ; and, at last, by his *Holiness* made Legate of B——, and afterwards Nuntio to his Most Christian Majesty. Arrived to this Pitch of Grandeur, and carested equally by the Powers he was to serve, he wished for no more, but spent his Days in continual Ease and Tranquillity. ETHELINDA, thus situated in the Meridian of Opulence and Power, was possessed of all her Sex could desire. Nothing was debarred her ; for, being the Darling of her Uncle, her Absence was almost insupportable, and nothing was too great or too good for his adored Niece. His continual Study was to please her, and every new Day afforded some new Mark of this fond Relation's Esteem and Affection. Indeed she was a perfect Pattern of Beauty, and her Conduct was regulated by the nicest Decency ; her Temper was mild, soft, and

and affable, her Language harmoniously sweet, her Sense refined, her Wit strong and piercing; and to see ETHELINDA, was to *love*. Possessed of so charming a Relation, the doating Cardinal was never so well pleased as when with his Niece; and every Hour that Business would allow, he would divert to the Conversation of the beautiful ETHELINDA. The Thoughts of Marriage was what he could in no wise relish, considering that that would, of Course, occasion a Separation from his beloved Niece, a Thing he would avoid above every Evil that could befall him: Therefore, notwithstanding several advantageous Offers were made him, and ETHELINDA was sought as a Bride by many of the principal Noblesse, yet the Cardinal found Means to terminate their Addresses, either by evasive Prevarications, or final Denials. And, indeed, this was no great Mortification to his Niece, since no particular Youth, amidst the Crowd of Admirers that had offered themselves
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to her, had yet prevailed so far as to excite a Sentiment, or even a Sigh from her in their Favour.

BUT, as too much Security is generally the Prelude to some Mishap or other, and as Prescience is not given to Mortals, so ETHELINDA'S Tranquillity was almost outrun, and one unexpected Interview introduced a thousand Anxieties. Being one Evening at the Play, she accidentally was struck with the Sight of a gay young Foreigner, who, for Brevity's Sake, I shall call MIRABEL. He was then about Twenty-two, just arrived to a noble Estate in *England* (of which he was a Native) of about Seventeen Thousand Pounds a Year, and had all the Advantages that a generous and liberal Education could possibly give, which, joined to a very graceful and engaging Person, made him extremely agreeable.

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MIRABEL, during the Life of his Father, was sent into *Italy*, where he stay'd about a Year ; but, upon his Father's Decease, was obliged to come again to *England*, in Order to take Possession of his Heritage, which he found free from all Incumbrances, and somewhat better'd by a good Quantity of ready Money. Being, as yet, unfix'd in his Dispositions, he settled his Affairs, and left his Estate to the Care of a worthy intimate Friend, who, with his Mother and one only Sister, lived at his Mansion-house in the Country, during his Absence ; and he sat out again to complete his Travels abroad. He had (as I observed) already been some Time in *Italy* ; and his Intercourse with so polite a People, and his Classcal Knowledge, had indeed embellished him in a great Degree, and rendered him an accomplished Gentleman.

FIRM in his Resolution, he went for *Paris*, intending first to visit *France*; that, on his Return to *Italy*, his *quondam* Friends might find he had not been idle in his Absence, but had been elsewhere than at Home. It was in this Route, that ETHELINDA first saw him, soon after his Arrival at *Paris*; and from hence she may date the Beginning of her Sorrows. The Appearance of MIRABEL was altogether polite, genteel, and gay, free from any Thing vain, foppish, or fantastical; his Air and Behaviour was free, noble, and bold, devoid of any sheepish Ignorance, or over-bearing Assurance: but decent Modesty seemed to rule his Actions, and made him rather diffident than conceited. Nothing strikes the Eye more than a graceful Modesty, biassed by Reason, and unaffected Freedom. ETHELINDA fixed her Eyes upon this young Stranger, who, though in the Dawn of Life, seemed well-versed with the *Grand Monde*, and
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to understand the different Impulses of Nature. She regarded him with a Concern and Emotion which she had never felt before ; a certain Languor overcame her Spirits, and she sunk into a supine Apathy, for which she could in no measure account. A young Lady of her Acquaintance, who was then with her, perceiving her Colour fade, immediately apply'd a Restorative, and advised her to go Home, whither she said she herself would accompany her. ETHELINDA seemed reluctant to quit so agreeable an Object, and told her fair Friend that it was only Heat, and that she should soon recover. This she indeed imagined would be the Case ; but MIRABEL's Presence was too powerful, nor could she upon any Consideration support the Extacy. Wherefore, unable longer to abide it, she was conducted home to her Uncle's, who, thro' his generous Tendernefs, was much affected at his Niece's flight (as they suspected it to be)

Indisposition, and advised her to have Recourse to Sleep.

ETHELINDA, upon her Uncle's Remonstrances, retir'd to her Chamber, and went to Bed; but alas! Sleep was a Stranger to her Eyes that Night, and she pass'd the Hours in the utmost Anxiety. Her Mind was like a troubled Sea, toss'd to and fro by every sudden Gust of Passion, and her whole Thoughts were engaged about the handsome Stranger. She had no Idea in her Mind but the Representation of his Person, and the Image of MIRABEL stood continually before her Eyes. This was a pleasing Pain she had never felt before; a delightful Disquietude 'till now unknown! A thousand different Passions alternately perplex her; Hope gives place to Desire, Desire to Fear, and Fear to Anger; she is vex'd and pleas'd in one and the same Moment, and yet this Vicissitude, this Migration of Temper she cannot account for. Thus in one uninterrupted Circle of
Variety

Variety she spent the Night, and hoped Day-light and Diversion would give her Ease.

How vain are all our boasted Artifices to quell the Power of Love! That Fever of the Soul burns with resistless Force, and every thing is weak compared with it; when the deadly Aconite enters the Heart, the whole Mass of Blood becomes contaminated, and nothing but an equal Poison can damp its Fury. Every other Resource is fruitless; Reason, Religion, Virtue, are poor Auxiliaries to stand the Force of his all-conquering Aids; A Groupe of Passions with a *Hydra*-Head rise at his Beck, and baffle all Attempts to stem the Attack.

DAY returning, ETHELINDA rose with the Dawn, and thought by Study to divert the Thoughts of MIRABEL, and to that End retired to her Closet 'till the usual Hour of Breakfast. However, her slight Disorder occasioned the

Cardinal to rise somewhat earlier than usual, being anxious to know of his Niece's Welfare, and being informed she was up, sent for her to Breakfast. Highly pleased to find her so well, as a further Improvement, he proposed a short Tour into the Country, and that LAURA (for such was the Name of her fair Associate) should be invited to bear them Company. Nothing could have been more *à propos* to ETHELINDA, hoping that would encrease her Forgetfulness of MIRABEL; and she directly sent for her dear Friend, who agreeing to their Request, the Coach was accordingly ordered, and the Cardinal with his fair Companions immediately set out from *Paris*. Their Stay in the Country was but short, and whatever Progress Absence might have made to dislodge MIRABEL from ETHELINDA's Mind, yet a casual Interview rekindled the Flame with double Fury. For on their Return home calling at FONTAINEBLEAU, one of the Royal Palaces, to take a little Diversion in the Gardens, which

which are extremely beautiful; who should they meet but MIRABEL himself, then there upon a Party of Pleasure with the young Duke of —, who had been in *France* some time. ETHELINDA had seen this young Nobleman several times at her Uncle's House, the Cardinal having frequently entertained him, and presented him to His Most Christian Majesty, who, on Account of his high Birth (being one of the first in *England*) received him very graciously, and with an affable Politeness which shines with double Splendour in a Monarch, and yet very common with that Prince.

THIS accidental Meeting was the Prototype of Misery to ETHELINDA, and the fatal Rock whereon her Happiness, Tranquillity, and Ease, was irrecoverably wreck'd and lost. So unexpected, so unthought-of an Adventure, had the most unhappy Effects, and fill'd ETHELINDA's Breast with ten thousand different Cogitations;
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the returning Blushes in her Cheeks, the languid Sweat that quiver'd on her Brow, the trembling Heart, and deep-swoln Sigh, were but too recent Indications of the Danger she was in. She then began to reflect on this strange Emotion, this unusual Timidity whenever she saw MIRABEL, and rightly conjectur'd it must be LOVE. She had never felt the Passion; and tho' the Object was no way unworthy her Affection, yet she strove arduously, and endeavour'd all she could to quench the Flame. Vain Attempts! Fruitless Struggles! The Soul was wounded, and the Guardian Reason sunk in supine Apathy. Unhappy, lovely Maid! Adieu the tranquil Mind, the Heart at Ease! Adieu the gay Delights, the soft Enchantments, the soothing Blandishments of Pleasure! Variety has lost its Taste, and cloy; 'tis MIRABEL alone can please. With him 'tis Mirth, 'tis Joy and everlasting Love; he cheers the Face of pen-

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five Melancholy, and makes all Nature gay.

THUS she spent the tedious Hours, these were her fond Soliloquies, and such Reveries were more delightful, more enchanting, than all the Pleasures the *Beau-monde* could give. After the usual Ceremonies passed betwixt her Uncle and these two Foreigners, the Cardinal invited the young Duke and MIRABEL to a Ball, which he was to give at his House the second succeeding Night; and therefore, on their Return to *Paris*, craved their Companies. This so generous an Invitation, neither of our young Gentlemen could complaisantly refuse, therefore on the Time appointed waited on his Eminence; and this Ball being on Account of ETHELINDA's Birth-Day, she appeared with double Beauty; but yet MIRABEL wisely fortified his Heart against all Attacks from so dangerous a Passion as Love, and only treated her with common Civility; however, being obliged
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to depart from *Paris* in two Days, he stayed at the Cardinal's 'till the next Morning, which afforded ETHELINDA real Pleasure. His Absence by degrees grew quite insupportable, Company and Diversion was her greatest Pain; she sought Solitude, loath'd her Food, and languish'd a silent Victim to a most violent Passion.

THIS Change in ETHELINDA gave her Uncle the deepest Concern, and all his Sollicitude and Entreaties could not discover the Motive of so sudden, so unhappy an Alteration. She baffled the Arts of the Physicians, nor was their Sagacity sufficiently penetrative to find out the Cause of her Malady. To-day it was an intermitting Fever, To-morrow a Cold, the succeeding Day *Je ne sçay quoy*. These continual Visits from the Faculty, and the Cardinal's incessant Questions, gave ETHELINDA the deepest Anxiety, and required all her Skill and Address to manage so intricate a Point, and

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evade

evade giving the slightest Suspicion of her Disorder. To remedy this Evil, and shun the Danger attending a Discovery, she determin'd at all Events to fly the Inquisitors, and by some Means or other share the Company of her beloved MIRABEL. She was already sufficiently informed of his Name and Quality, and the Route he had taken; and should she miss of him in his Journey, yet she was sure of finding him at *Rome* or *Florence*, the destin'd Mart of Pleasure he was bound to, and where he intended to make a considerable Stay.

HEEDLESS and unthoughtful of the imminent Dangers to which she exposed herself in so hazardous and daring an Adventure, she fully determined on the fatal Expedition; and the preceding Day to her Departure, went and sold some of her Jewels to the Amount of 1000 *l.* Sterling, and provided every thing fit for her Journey.

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She rose the next Morning extremely early, and left her Uncle's, ordering the Servants to acquaint the Cardinal upon his enquiring after her, that she was gone with a young Lady upon a Party of Pleasure to *Marli*, and begged his Pardon for so abrupt a Departure; but the Thing was determined the Night before. At the same Time she gave her Footman a Letter for her dear Friend *Laura*, which she ordered him not to deliver 'till the next Day; wherein she inform'd her of her Undertaking, couch'd in the following Terms, *viz.*

My dear LAURA,

Monday Evening,
Five o'Clock.

THE long and tender Intimacy which has subsisted betwixt us, even since my Childhood, and the which strengthen'd by Reason, and the Parity of our Sentiments, is grown to a sincere Friendship, is a sufficient Apology for this unexpected Intrusion; tho' this

this one Step of mine is a Breach of the sacred Laws of Amity, and the first Infringement, I believe, I ever made thereon.

PHILOSOPHERS assert, that where Persons are united by a Similitude of Temper, Manners and Opinion, and have linked themselves voluntarily in the cordial Ties of Amity, there should be only ONE Soul ; inferring that nothing should be done or even intended, without a Participation of Opinions, and a mutual Consent. This Proceeding of mine then is undoubtedly repugnant to such Injunction, and consequently renders me unworthy the Name ; and therefore I dare not usurp so glorious a Title, whatsoever are my Sentiments in your Favour. I own my Crime, and have no Hopes of Pardon or Forgiveness, but from your Humanity and innate good Nature. Your Virtue, Modesty, and good Sense will condemn me ; and not only condemn,

but laugh at such a Knight-Errant-Expedition, and ridicule my Wild-Goose-Chace: However, since I am absent and ignorant thereof, your Censure will be of little Weight; but the Loss of so worthy, so invaluable a Friend, will be an indelible Concern. My Flight was sudden, and so was the Occasion, since the unhappy Cause thereof was unknown to me two Months ago: I have strove with all the Force I was Mistress of, and argued against it with all the Rhetoric I could produce: Alas! it was vain and insignificant; the fatal Passion overcame my Reason, and left me nothing but weak Reflection. I duly considered the many Dangers I exposed myself to, and what a Maze of Misery I was just entering; yet *Love* hood-wink'd my Reason; and overpower'd by so fatal a Passion, I sunk beneath the oppressive Load.

OH! LAURA! won't you wonder that
a Person of my Fortune, Gaiety and
Beauty,

Beauty, (as they tell me) who have refused so many advantageous Proposals, and slighted the richest Nobility in FRANCE, should at last give way to *Love*; and for the Sake of a Person to whom I am unknown, quit my Country, my Friends, my *All*, for an Uncertainty; and perhaps, to groan out my Days beneath a Groupe of Misfortunes! Yet let me premise, that the Object of my Flame is not unworthy of my Love, either in Rank, Fortune or Merit; but yet, what am I hunting? a Bubble on a running Stream, which when caught, perhaps, will break, and leave me only--NOTHING. Should he despise me, and ridicule my Extravagance, as I may but too naturally expect, What will become of me? or what must I do? To return to my Uncle, (should he live to bear my Loss) whose good Nature would generously surpervise my Failings; yet to be the *May-Game* of the World, the Butt of Envy, and the Topic of Scandal,

dal, would be Misery unutterable! Inexpressive Torture! And yet, my dear LAURA! where shall I seek an Asylum in a Country where I am a Stranger! And since my feeble Virtue has already given way to soft Indulgences; how may my staggering Reason be subdued by Rhetoric, and lull'd into the Embraces of Vice! Ha! I shudder at the dreadful Apprehension; and my Soul sickens at the sad Idea. Should the pinching Assaults of Necessity hunt me, how shall I withstand the Attacks? and, perhaps, by false Reasoning, be induced to sacrifice my Virtue to a glittering Bribe; and rather than die the Death of the Righteous, live a Life of Vice, and shine a splendid, unhappy—Prostitute.

I HAVE drawn a hideous Night-piece, which your Regard for me, will influence you to pray Heaven to deprecate; but indeed 'tis but what I dread: And since I am embarked on
this

this idle Adventure, the Heat of my Passion will not suffer me to return. I could not, upon any Consideration, write to my dear Uncle, therefore must entreat you to be the unwelcome Messenger; and since you are your own Mistress, and possessed of a plentiful Fortune, and intimate with him; so I wish this might influence you to supply my Absence by your Company, and taking his domestic Affairs under your Care. This is only a Proposal I make, as a Friend, which may be the means of alleviating his Grief for me, and prolonging his Life. It is impracticable for me to hear from you, unless Affairs take an unexpected Turn; and, perhaps, this may be the last you will ever receive from me; but e'er it will reach you, I shall be set sail for *England*. I thought this Precaution of retarding the Delivery of my Letter necessary, lest my Uncle should be prompted to send after me, which now is vain and fruitless: Therefore

fore heartily offering my Prayers to
Heaven for my Uncle's Preservation,
and your uninterrupted Happiness,

I am,

Dear LAURA,

Your Inconsolable,

And Wandering

ETHELINDA.

As soon as ETHELINDA left her
Uncle's, she went and provided herself
with a genteel Suit of Clothes; and to
disguise herself the more, cut off her
own fine Hair, which was a light
flaxen Colour, and put on a brown
Bob-wig. Thus equipp'd, she went
to an Inn, and took Post immediately
for *Lyons*; where being arrived, she
hired a Lodging at a Barber's Shop,
and enquired after a Service. MIRABEL,
upon his coming here, in his Way to
Italy,

Italy, was taken ill with a slight Fever, which retarded his Journey, and occasioned him to tarry there two or three Weeks ; during which Time, the Valêt he had hired at *Paris* left him, and he became destitute of a Servant. ETHELINDA being informed there was an *English* Gentleman, at the Sign of *L'Etoile d'Orient*, then on his Travels, who was detained there by Illness, and whose Servant had left him since his coming there, hoped now to gain a Master, or else would go on for *Florence*. Little did she suspect that the Person in question was her hunted Lover, 'till being informed his Name was MIRABEL, and flush'd with the Hopes of Success from so favourable a Crisis, she determined to venture boldly, and offer her Service, let the Consequence be what it would. She had no Time to reflect on the Difficulty of her Undertaking, and her Inexpertness in so base an Office : Love hood-winks Reason, and darkens our Understanding ; yet Resolution and Ardour frequently

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surpass Difficulties, which, without Courage, would be insuperable. Determined on the Attempt, she immediately dressed herself, and waited on MIRABEL. Upon coming to his Lodgings, she was conducted to his Apartment ; for the adored Youth sat reading by the Fire. MIRABEL was of a Temper affable, sincere and generous, free from Pride, Affectation and Ill-nature ; of strict Probity and Honour, and an avowed Enemy to Perfidy and Dissimulation. Upon ETHELINDA'S Entrance he was really amazed, and thought under her Disguise he perceived something unused to Slavery, or the servile Offices of a Footman, and therefore bid her sit down. After some slight Enquiry of her Qualifications for a Valêt, he found her quite at a Loss in her Duty, and almost a Stranger to every thing but the Name : He then ventured to ask her Birth, and the Reason of taking up a Service. ETHELINDA, with Blushes and a stammering Tongue, which MIRABEL could hardly fail of perceiving, told

told him she was a Native of ———, and Son of a Country Farmer; but that his Father, being lately dead, and leaving him only one hundred Livres, besides a Horse, two Cows, and some few Household Goods, he sold them, and determined to get into some Gentleman's Family; that, to that end, he made his Way for *Lyons*, hoping there to find a Master; and that, being informed of him, presumed to offer him his Service, and should think himself happy in his Approbation: That tho' he was somewhat a Novice to the Profession of a Valêt, so he was to their Vices and Subterfuges; that he would endeavour to qualify himself as a good faithful Servant, and would do every thing in his Power to merit his Esteem.

MIRABEL, pleased with so open a Confession, and with the Person of his Incognita, determined to take him into his Service, however inexpert he might be, and therefore hired him accordingly. ETHELINDA, pleased with this

lucky Adventure, endeavoured all in her Power to cultivate so favourable a Hit, and improve herself in the Office of a Footman. She was endued with a very large Share of Spirits; and her natural Vivacity was not to be intimidated by any slight Shock: Mistress of the *Italian* Tongue, in which her Uncle himself had carefully instructed her, and having a fine Voice, she sung extremely well; which, with the Addition of a Lute, that she managed *à merveille*, was an agreeable Amusement, not only to herself, but to her new Master; who, on that Account, frequently admitted her to his Company, in an Evening, when alone. MIRABEL'S Illness was a lucky Misfortune for his new Valêt, as it occasioned him to purchase a new Post-Chaise, by which Means ETHELINDA was freed from the Trouble of riding on Horseback, and what would undoubtedly have been a great Punishment and Detriment to her. Soon after her Engagement with her new Master, she set out with him from

Lyons,

Lyons, from whence he went for *Italy*, intending to stay there only till the next Spring, and take a leisure Journey to *England* (where he intended to be by the *Christmas* after) by Way of *Germany* and *Holland*.

DURING her Stay with him abroad, nothing happened to give her the least Cause of Uneasiness ; and, having learnt to shave and dress a Wig, she lived with the utmost Tranquility ; since, to wait on her dear MIRA-BEL, and be near his Person, was an ample Recompence for all her Fatigue and Trouble. No Danger was great enough to intimidate her Courage in Defence of her beloved Master ; no Hardship was sufficiently piercing to excite a Murmur, since she embraced them voluntarily ; and, for the Sake of her Master, could joyfully endure every Difficulty. While with him she enjoyed an Æquanimity, which she was an entire Stranger to in his Absence ; her Soul was serene, mild, and tranquil,

quill, and an unusual chearful Gaiety
 shone in her Countenance. MIRABEL,
 contrary to the Methods of many of
 our modern young Travellers, em-
 ployed the major Part of his Time in
 the Improvement of his Talents ; and,
 not contenting himself with Super-
 ficies, and confiding in Rumour,
 made circumspect Observations on the
 Manners, Customs, and Polity of the
 several People he visited. He strictly
 noticed their Industry, Trade, and
 Oeconomy, that, on his Return to
England, he might present his Coun-
 try with something better than Dress
 and Politeness. He duly considered,
 that the Estate he was possessed of,
 might, one Day, occasion him to be
 a Representative in Parliament for a
 free People, who, relying on his Merit
 and Abilities, had unanimously elect-
 ed him to be their Sponsor, to vindi-
 cate their Rights, redress their Grie-
 vances, and protect the Liberties of
 Thousands committed to his Care.

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THESE Considerations, which were the natural Impulse of his Soul, made him neglect no Opportunity, whereby he thought he could benefit himself or his Fellow-subjects. Impelled therefore by his own innate Propensity, he framed to himself one constant Rule to regulate his Conduct, and the Hours, which many of the giddy Youth, loiter'd away in the Pursuit of Trifles, or illicit Indulgencies, MIRABEL converted to a better Use, and employed in the Pursuit of a nobler Game. He visited, at Intervals, every Thing curious, and worth Observation, in the several Places through which he passed ; and, that his Memory might not deceive him, by a too firm Reliance thereon, constantly noted his Remarks in a common-place Book, which he always kept in his Pocket. He collected a choice Number of the best and most suitable Authors to his Purpose, that he might not be to seek, when he came to *England*, for a well-fill'd Library,

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to improve his Morals, polish his Talents, or amuse his Time.

No material Occurrence happened to ETHELINDA during her Sojournment abroad, but she increased hourly in Admiration and Love for MIRABEL : She saw him every Time with new Pleasure ; she heard him with Rapture, and every Sentence warm'd her Soul with Extacy. Frequently, when alone, she would cry, O! cruel Fates ! why wasn't I born to be the Help-mate of so worthy a Youth ? Why, ah, why ! did I disguise my Passion ? why hide it from a Soul incapable of doing an Injury ; and who, melted by my Anxiety, would have yielded to my Entreaties, and crown'd my Wishes ! Why, when blest'd with Power, did I not avow my Flame, and plead a Privilege, the wealthy Claim from Fortune ! Ah ! MIRABEL ! even then I had sigh'd in vain ; not all my boasted Titles, not Splendor, Wealth, Magnificence, and Honour, could

could come in Competition with one single Obstacle. Religion comes and tells me I am wretched. He who adores his God, a real pre-existent Power, immutable, omniscient, and omnipotent, can ne'er descend to worship Wood and Stone, or prostrate fall to dead Paniety. Reason compels, and Reason is *his* Guide. Unhappy! wretched! miserable ETHELINDA! Despair, nor fondly feed a Flame that leads you on to Ruin.

THESE were her general Soliloquies, which she sometimes indulged to an immoderate Degree, and which were rather heighten'd than alleviated upon her Arrival in *England*. MIRABEL upon coming to *London* found no Body in his Town-House but three Servants who lived at Board-Wages, (which he much disapproved of) who were only to take Care of the House and Furniture, and by whom he was informed that his Mother and Sister had not been in *London* since his Departure from
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thence; but with Mr. *Trueman*, (his Friend) lived entirely at the Mansion-House in — *shire*. Upon this News he stayed only one Day in Town, and set out with his Valêt the next Morning in a Post-Chaise for the Country. He got there to Breakfast, and *ETHELINDA* was charmed with the delightful Situation of the Place; the House was a large Pile of Building in the ancient Taste, situated upon an Eminence, in the Middle of a large Park well stocked with Deer, and in the Centre of four Walks of stately Limes, each Walk near a Mile long, and which led you into a grand Court-Yard rising with an Ascent to the House, which you entered by about twelve Stone Stairs. *MIRABEL* alighting at the Court-Yard, was soon accosted by his worthy Friend Mr. *Trueman*, who, rejoiced to see him returned in Health, embraced him with Tears of sincere Amity. He then went in, where he found his Mother and Sister just sitting down to Breakfast, who received

ceived him with the trueſt Affection, congratulating him on his ſafe Return. Theſe Formalities paſt, MIRABEL ſat down to Breakfast with the Company, who were highly overjoyed at the Arrival of ſo unexpected a Viſitant.

SOON after he came home, he ſettled his Affairs with Mr. *Trueman*, who, during his Abſence, had ſaved upwards of 20,000 *l.* and put all his Farms in thorough Repair. MIRABEL was pleaſed to find ſo good an Account, and with his uſual Generoſity begged Mr. *Trueman* to ſhare the Profits in Recompence for the Trouble he had been at in his Abſence; and that as Fortune had been unmindful of him, to accept ſuch Moiety as a Retaliation for her Frowns. He further craved, that as he had been kind enough to exerciſe the Office of Steward and Inſpector-General of his Eſtates in his Abſence, that he would aſſiſt him therein now at Home, for which he would allow him 500 *l. per Annum*; that he would

(if agreeable) continue to live with him, since he should always regard and esteem him as a Brother. Mr. *Trueman* thanked him politely for his Favours, that he would still continue to live with him, and at his Request act as his Steward; but as he had already over-rated his poor Services, begg'd Leave to decline accepting the further annual Gratuity.

EVERY thing being thus settled to the mutual Satisfaction of all Parties, MIRABEL desired Mr. *Trueman* to go to Town, and put his House there in Order; requesting that he would furnish it in the Fashion, and bespeak a Side-board, &c. of Plate, China, and Glasses not exceeding 3000 £. That he would also order him a new Chariot, Coach, and Landau, in the neatest Taste, and buy him some Horses, and send them down into the Country as soon as possible; where he intended to stay 'till the House was fit for his Reception in *London*, as he designed
to

to pass the Winter in Town, and favour his Mother and Sister with the Diversions there, and from which they had retired during his Absence. At the Time appointed for his Departure, ETHELINDA set out with her Master and the rest of the Family for *London*; where, upon Arrival, she was amazed at the Delicacy and Magnificence of the Apartments and Furniture; for though she thought him a Man of Fortune, yet no way imagined it to be so very extensive; and that a private Gentleman in *England*, could outvie many of the Nobility of the first Rank in *France*. Had it not been for crude Reflections which intruded on her Privacy, ETHELINDA might have enjoyed tolerable Quietude, MIRABEL being able to chase away all Anxiety: But as it too often happens, that when our fond Imaginations are willing to feed our idle Passions with the flatulent Expectations of dawning Happiness, that we are the nearer to Perdition; so happened it to ETHELINDA,
since

since one sudden, one unexpected Accident blighted the Blossoms of Felicity, and all Hopes of Content vanished like Dew before the rising Sun.

MIRABEL since his Abode in Town, had sometime cherished an idle Conceit, which, had he known ETHELINDA's Sex, he could never have harboured. He thought he daily perceived an unusual gloomy Tristesse encroach upon his Sister the lovely MARIANA, which prey'd upon her Health, and damped her wonted Mirth, and therefore conjectured it must be Love. He weakly imagined that the sprightly Gaiety, uncommon Beauty, and genteel Qualifications of his Valêt de Chambre, had made an Impression on his Sister's Heart, and corroded her Happiness. He was sensible that Youth, unassisted by Reason and mature Reflection, frequently commit Errors, thro' the Indulgence of juvenile Passions, which they afterwards severely repent of. He was far from suspecting

ing his Sister's Innocence, on the contrary, maintained the highest Opinion of her Virtue; but yet he knew the very best sometimes fail, and thro' want of timely Care many a lovely Plant is lost. He therefore thought it his Duty to prevent, by all his Circumspection and Care, any such Thing happening to his Sister; and that the surest Way to guard against it would be, to watch the Motions of ETHELINDA, lest by other Proceedings he should make his Sister uneasy, by thinking him suspicious of her Honour.

To arrive at the Bottom of all and clear up his Doubts, he resolved to observe the Conduct of his Valêt, and see whether there was any literary Correspondence betwixt his Sister and him, which he thought might be carried on without his Knowledge or Discovery; and whereby their utmost Wishes and Designs might be completed, and all the World at the same Time Strangers thereto. To this End he went one Morning

Morning to ETHELINDA's Apartment; where she used to dust his Cloaths, and which he had assigned as a Sort of Wardrobe, and where he privately was informed she was writing. He entered without any previous Notice, and ETHELINDA was startled at so unexpected a Visit. He found her reading a Letter which she had just ended to her dear LAURA, and which, upon her Master's Entrance, she was going to put aside. Contrary to her Expectations, and foreign to her Thoughts, MIRABEL demanded the Letter with an Air and Tone, which 'till then she had been estranged to. Thunderstruck with this Request, and unable to devise the Motive of such Enquiry, ETHELINDA politely told him that the Letter in no Shape concerned him or any of his Family, assuring him the Contents thereof were of the highest Moment to her Tranquillity and Happiness, and such as she could not divulge to her nearest Relation. MIRABEL was equally astonished at her Reply, as she was
before

before at his Request, and assured him that, provided the Contents agreed with his Assertions, he might safely trust him. Fluctuating in uncertain Doubts what to do, ETHELINDA said she craved his Pardon for the Presumption; but, on agreeing to her Requests, she would resign the Letter, upon his Word and Honour that he would never divulge the Contents to any one on Earth, or cause her to quit his Service; and upon his Promise of Fidelity, delivered him the following Lines, *viz.*

Dear, Lovely LAURA!

E'ER now, I am afraid, my Absence and Silence will have occasioned you to think me gone to *Elysium*; but to clear up such Error, and convince you of my Existence, sit down to write a few Lines. As I doubt not but my Flight is blazed abroad, so to ask you the various Opinion of the Multitude, would be desiring the Tongues of Rumour; and,

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as I am beyond the Reach of Malice, so I laugh at Censure and despise Scandal. My chief Concern is my Uncle's Welfare, which I long to be inform'd of; but as I know of no Canal whereby I can learn it, must unwillingly rest in Ignorance and Disquietude.

IT was not long after my leaving *Paris*, that I met with the dear Object of my Wishes; and by one unexpected, lucky Incident, under a Disguise, hired myself to him as his Valêt de Chambre: However romantic the Scheme, 'tis indubitable Truth; and tho' I may seem ridiculous among the gay World, yet I would not barter my menial Metamorphosis for all their tinsel Grandeur. I have lived with him ever since under this Habit; and though I bore some Fatigues in travelling with him, yet his humane Treatment of me, and affable Behaviour, renders my Office the most agreeable I could have chose. I have nothing
base

base and low enjoined me to do; and the Pleasure I enjoy in being near the dear Person I love, makes every Service agreeable, and is an ample Recompence for all my Trouble. He enjoys a noble Fortune, which enables him to bestow his Liberality without Restraint, yet where Merit distinguishes the Object. His Politeness and good Sense makes his other Virtues more resplendent, and to see him is to *Love*. Believe me, LAURA, I enjoy a Tranquillity which his Absence would have robbed me of, and nothing disturbs my Repose but the cruel Thoughts of our never meeting; for was no other Obstacle to interpose and prevent it, yet the bare Consideration of my extravagant Passion, and thus exposing my Virtue, will be a Bar never to be overcome, and undoubtedly hinder all Hopes of an Union.

WHAT can I do? I am determined to be near him as long as I can, and therefore hope nothing but Death can

fever us; my Passion encreases daily,
 and I love him more and more: I
 could dwell for ever on his Praises, but
 doubt the Theme none of the most a-
 greeable to you who are a Stranger.
 Ah! LAURA! I dare not avow my
 Flame, but my Days must pass in
 silent Adoration! Wretched Apostate!
 Unhappy ETHELINDA! My Guardian-
 Genius sometimes checks my wander-
 ing Thoughts, and bids me recall the
 small Remains of Reason. Titles and
 Grandeur lose their Force, Magnifi-
 cence and Wealth appear insipid, and
 I had rather be an humble Cottager
 with MIRABEL, than grace a Throne,
 and rule Mankind in splendid Misery.

LOVELY Friend! from my unhappy
 Conflict, permit me to dissuade you
 from the fatal Bane to my Happiness,
 and fly the tempting Bait: Guard every
 Avenue of the Soul against it, nor let
 your Heart indulge one Sigh in favour
 of a Man. Even this slight Introduc-
 tion will steal imperceptibly upon you,
 and

and for ever damp the Sweets of Joy and Pleasure. My Mind sickens at the crude Reflection, and draws me to a Conclusion of my Letter; yet e'er I finish, accept my Prayers for the Preservation and Happiness of my dear Uncle and yourself, believing me in every Clime,

Dearest LAURA,

Unalterably Your's,

ETHELINDA.

UPON perusing this Letter, MIRABEL appeared like one bereaved of Sense; he fixed his wandering Eyes on ETHELINDA, and thought he perceived something which must appear ravishingly sweet in her natural Habit. He return'd the Letter with an unusual Civility, assuring her she might depend on the Performance of his Promise, and that nothing should extort the Secret from his Breast without her

previous Concurrence, and retired to meditate more calmly on the Affair. ETHELINDA was equally amazed at his abrupt Departure, and wonder'd from whence such Proceeding should arise; she was betwixt Hope and Fear, hoping his Generosity was too great to expose her, and fearing his Virtue was too nice to keep her in his Service. As he had promised her Secrecy, she had the least Suspicion of a Disclosure; and indeed, upon a due Consideration, the latter seem'd the most probable. In this Suspence she knew not how to act, and all her Concern was, lest she should disoblige her Master, and lose the Joy of being near his Person.

MIRABEL, in his Absence, was no less perplexed at so unexpected and amazing a Discovery, inconceivably astonished to think that under the Appearance of a Footman, he had all along harboured a beautiful *Inamorata*. What could he think when he found that his fair Incognita, and pretended
Valêt,

Valêt, was the lovely *ETHELINDA*, Niece to the Cardinal *B——*, and for the Possession of whose Charms and Fortune several of the prime Nobility in *France*, had long sued in vain? He knew not in what Manner to proceed, and the Extraordinariness of the Circumstances, occasioned an unfathomable Incertitude: He reflected upon her Birth and Fortune, her Beauty and Education, which demanded a respectful Civility; yet he remember'd that as she officiated as his Valêt de Chambre, too great a Condescension would give room for some Suspicions which he would chuse to evade.

AFTER reflecting some time, he determined to leave *ETHELINDA* in suspense 'till the next Morning, and then acquaint her his Sentiments: Accordingly he sent for him into his Study, and shut the Door lest any one should casually intrude upon their Privacy, at the same Time ordering his Servants, upon any Enquiry, to say he was gone out.

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ETHELINDA dreaded the fatal Recital, and inly trembled, lest any thing should happen to prevent her Hopes. Being thus guarded against any Visitors, he complaisantly desired she would sit down, and banish every anxious, annoying Thought: He blamed her highly for her rash Adventure; and though her Rank and Character, joined to the Delicacy of her Sex, had placed her beyond his Remonstrance or Resentment, yet as she had submitted to be his Servant, he hoped she would excuse his Freedom. He greatly pitied the Extravagance of her Passion, which had induced her to run such Hazards for his Sake; but as it was not compatible with his Sentiments, nor their Religion alike, an Union was really impracticable; and as he was now acquainted with her Sex, his Virtue and Honour would not suffer him to conceal her in his House. He advised her upon all Considerations to return to her Uncle and her dear LAURA, nor wantonly lose such noble Possessions,
only

only to indulge some juvenile Passions; he counselled her to recall her Reason (of which she had a large Share) and good Sense, nor expose her staggering Virtue to such dangerous Attacks.

WITH his natural Generosity and good Nature, MIRABEL told her, he would assist her with every thing she should request, and he could grant, strongly enforcing her speedy Departure for *Paris*; assuring her, that whatever Money she wanted was at her Service; and he would always esteem and regard her. ETHELINDA thanked him courteously for his Offer, but informed him that she wanted no Money, having upwards of 1000 *l.* by her, which she brought with her from *Paris*; and that since he would not suffer her to be at his House, earnestly entreated him to get her a genteel House or Lodgings; and that he would visit her as a Friend, since she hoped her Birth might entitle her to crave such Favour without Offence, but never

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more

more to mention her Return to *France*. MIRABEL assured her he would comply with her Requests, and while she remained in *England*, nothing in him should be wanting to evince his Esteem, and the Regard he had both for herself and her Uncle.

PURSUANT therefore to her Request, MIRABEL hired some Apartments for her; and without her Privy and Consent, furnished them suitable to her Birth and Rank, in the most delicate and polite Fashion. He likewise provided every Thing requisite for her Transmutation into her own Sex, and afterwards hired her some Servants; in fact, he omitted nothing that was necessary, and whereby he thought he could promote her Tranquillity and Ease. ETHELINDA seemed satisfied with her present Situation, and hoped some favourable Issue from such a happy Beginning: She appeared extremely gay and chearful; and being settled in the Neighbourhood, MIRABEL
intro-

introduced her to his Mother and Sister, as a young Lady of Distinction just come from *Paris*, and who he had the Honour to know, when there, on his Travels. Being thus introduced to MARIANA and her Mother, she soon became intimate; and by her genteel Deportment, good Sense, and good Nature, was carefs'd and courted: MARIANA languished in ETHELINDA's Absence, and Mirth lay slumbering 'till she appeared. There was no Ball, Visit, or Party of Pleasure without ETHELINDA; and, as she was thus beloved by the Sister, she had the more frequent Opportunities of being near MIRABEL.

ETHELINDA seemed tolerably pleased with this Course of Life for about nine Months; but as her Passion was rather more resemblant to Lust than Love, and which she was assured MIRABEL's strict Virtue could never be seduced to by any Artifice whatsoever, she determined to sacrifice it a Victim to Re-

sentment, if not to Reason; and by some Means or other, quell the Fury of so tyrannical a Master.

SHE knew that all the Succour Reason could produce, would be but trivial Assistance towards compleating the Conquest, and that she must absolutely resolve to banish MIRABEL from her Thoughts, since without such Resolution her Passion would be too dominant ever to be vanquished. Absence she deemed the most likely Expedient to complete her Design, and therefore determined to set out again for *France*, and fly for Shelter to the Arms of Restraint and Religion. One Morning when MIRABEL came to visit her alone, she calmly inform'd him her Intention of once more seeing her native Country, and leave *England*, where she could never be happy. He was pleased at this Recital, assuring her, that he was extremely sorry to lose so fair a Friend; but his Sorrow was over-balanced in the Satisfaction he received from

from thinking how joyful her Return would be to her fond Uncle, and her dear Friend LAURA. But how soon did she dispel this pleasing Hope, when she firmly assured him, her Design was quite the Reverse, never intending to visit her Uncle or *Paris*, but to shut herself up in some Monastery or other during Life. He highly discommended her Scheme; expostulated with her upon her Youth, Beauty, and Character; the Fortune she would enjoy, and which she was going to sacrifice, perhaps, to some emeritorious Person or other: He told her, that she must expect to find a very wide Difference betwixt a Convent and a Court; and that she was highly blame-worthy, in the Prime of Life, to quit its Joys, and every Opportunity of doing Good, to deviate so far from the wise Design and End of her Creation, by devoting herself to Obscurity and Indolence, and drone away her Days in forc'd Devotion. He assured her, he believed she had imbibed wrong Notions of Religion,

gion, and that Piety did not come by Constraint and Violence, or that impress'd Petitions were ever acceptable to the divine Being.

MIRABEL'S Reasons were quite ineffectual; and ETHELINDA told him, that she should ever maintain a strict Sensibility for all his Favours, and a high Esteem for the Kindness and Friendship of his Mother and Sister; and that the Felicity of himself and Family should be daily remember'd in her *Oraisons*. She further said, she had now only to request, that as his Intimacy and Interest were great with a certain noble Duke, he would crave his recommendatory Letter, to a Lady *Abbeſs* of any Monastery within sixty Miles of *Paris*. MIRABEL told her, that though he disliked the Office, yet, as it was the last Request she might ever make, he could not deny her; and accordingly procured the same. ETHELINDA therefore took her Leave of the lovely MARIANA and her Mother;

ther ; and, accompanied by MIRABEL and Mr. *Trueman* as far as *Dover*, she set out the next Morning for *France*.

ARRIVED to the destin'd Place of Seclusion, she was received with all the Deference and Esteem, so *noble* a Recommendation, and the Dignity of her own Rank demanded. She pass'd her Year of Probation as usual ; and the abstemious Way of Life she had engaged in, erased from her Mind all idle Passions, and she spent her Days in uninterrupted Tranquillity. However, ETHELINDA had not been here quite three Years, before she was seized with a violent Fever, which, notwithstanding all imaginable Care, proved the dreadful Summons for a new Voyage, and from whence she could never return. She received the Audit with that true *Æquanimity* which is the Result of sincere Repentance, and the Hopes of everlasting Joy ; but as her Fever was not the most rapid in its Progress, nor so acute to deprive her

her of Sensibility, she sent her dear LAURA the following Letter, and in a few Hours after expired, *viz.*

Lovely, Invaluable Friend !

AFTER having indulged myself in the most licentious, extravagant Passion for four Years, without ever being able to accomplish my Desires, through the rigid Virtue of the Person beloved, I retired to this Place about three Years ago ; where, through the Recommendation of a noble Duke, and the Information of the Object of my Love, I was received, and entertained with that Respect due to my Birth. I never before could persuade myself to give you this Intelligence ; but the Hand of Death pressing me hard, I was unwilling to leave you and my dear Uncle in an Uncertainty of my EXIT.

I SHALL not trouble you with a minute Detail of my Adventures, but the annexed will be sufficient to give you an Idea of all my Proceedings, and evince the ill-natur'd World, that a Woman may submit to Irregularities of Conduct, without an absolute Forfeiture of her Virtue and Honour, and an immediate Coalition with Vice and Immorality. I am strictly sensible of the Atrociousness of my Folly, and have fully expiated every Transgression; and as one *Faux-pas* has rendered me the Object of Calumny, so I resolved no future Temptation should allure me to a Repetition of those Foibles, but to renounce the World, and all its gew-gaw Enticements, and pass the Remainder of my Days in Religious Contempt and Contrition.

NEVER since my Birth have I known
such calm Content, such solid Peace,

as since my Seclusion from the *Grand-Monde*: Every new Day added to my Felicity; and if to *wish* is a Pain, believe me, I never have known it. O! LAURA! I would not renounce one Hour's peaceful Solitude, for all the World could give; and the inconceivable Joy I feel from the Thoughts of my Honour being unfullied, is an additional Delight. I once fondly believed that there was no Happiness but in Vainety; nothing like a Life of Pleasure; but now experience, that in Religion there are Joys unknown, continual Satisfaction, unfullied Content. Believe me, my dear Friend, I would not wish to live one Hour of my Life again; and Death, so much dreaded, comes with a gentle Smile, and beckons me to Realms of ever-during Bliss: I have sincerely repented of past Indiscretions; and 'tis that Repentance, with a firm Confidence in the Goodness

ness of the Almighty, which makes me wish to shake off this Tenement of Clay, and dwell with Etherials in the Regions of Immortality. The Joys of Religion are not such as spring from a continual Vicissitude of terrene Enjoyments, but are permanent and lasting; whereas no earthly Pleasure is unalloy'd with Care, and too frequently is only a Prelude to Anxiety. But in Religion there is no such Thing as Disquietude; and Discontent is a Stranger to the pious Soul. For the Mind replete with this heavenly Emanation, enjoys an uninterrupted Peace; and such as no worldly Cares, or Enticements, can destroy. Youth is subject to innumerable Hazards; and I, happily in the Spring of Life, am going to be free from these dangerous Allurements, and to launch into eternal Felicity. The Storms are now subsided, and a continual Calm succeeds: I have

weathered the boisterous Tempest ; and after an irksome Voyage, amidst numberless Rocks and Quickfands, am at last entering the Haven of Rest. My dear LAURA ! my Spirits fail me, and I must unwillingly conclude.—From my Failings may you be warn'd, and shun the dire Enchantment that seduced me ; and may you enjoy on Earth, the greatest Happiness Mortals here can taste ; and finally, immortal Glory.—My last Prayers will be for the Preservation of you and my dear Uncle ; and remember that I die

Invariably Your's,

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ETHELINDA.

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